

GRIP

EDITED BY J.W. BINGOUGH

GRIP ENG

LITERATURE

MUSIC

DRAMA

TERMS

PER ANNUM

PAYABLE

IN

ADVANCE

The gravest beast is the ASS.
 The gravest bird is the Owl.
 The gravest fish is the Oyster.
 The gravest man is the fool.

J.W. Miller



V O U S R.
 THE GOVERNMENT OF ONTARIO PROPOSE TO
SELL ABSOLUTELY
 A PORTION OF THE
ASYLUM LANDS ON
 QUEEN ST TORONTO.
 IT IS PROPOSED TO DISPOSE
 OF THE UPPER CANADA COLL.
 LANDS ON
LEASE HOLD
 SO THAT THE PROVINCIAL
 TREASURY MAY GET
 THE ADVANTAGE OF
 THE INCREASE OF RENTAL
 VALUES.

??? QUESTION! ???

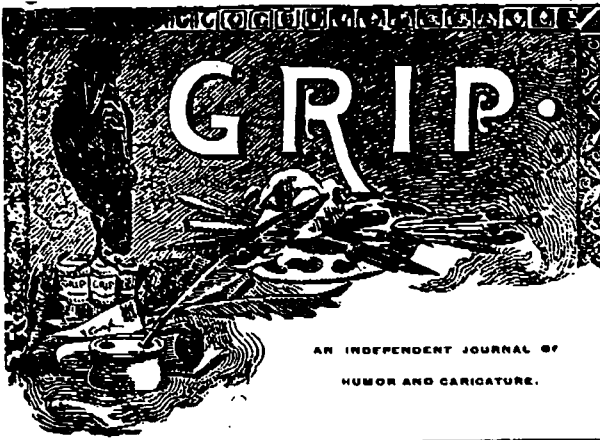
THE public want to know why Mr. Mowat has sold their property on Queen street to speculators, when he might have leased it as he proposes to lease the Upper Canada College lands. **LET HIM EXPLAIN!**

PRICE 5 CENTS PER COPY, \$2 PER YEAR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

By the GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., 26 and 28 Front St. West, Toronto.





PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY THE

Grip Printing and Publishing Co.

25 and 28 Front Street West, Toronto, Ont.

President
General Manager
Artist and Editor

JAMES L. MORRISON.
J. V. WRIGHT.
J. W. BENGOUGH.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

PAYABLE STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

To United States and Canada.

One year, \$2.00 six months \$1.00.

To Great Britain and Ireland.

One year \$2.50.

Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the safe of the printed address-label.

In remitting stamps, please send one-cent stamps only.

Comments on the Customs.



A DEGRADING SUPERSTITION.—By direct taxation, and that in the form of a single tax upon ground rent, the Government of Canada or any other country could secure ample revenue for all public purposes, without touching a solitary cent of any citizen's earnings, whether that citizen worked with hand or head. This system of taxation would be fair, equal and economical. It would be simply taking for the use of the community the rental value of land which is created by the community and not by the individual. Instead of going to this natural source for revenue, the Government of Canada prefers to rob labor of a part of its earnings, allowing the fund created by the community to go into the private pockets of

landlords. The citizen is now taxed for Dominion purposes upon everything he eats and wears, and nearly everything he needs to use in any way; while for municipal purposes he is fined for building or improving a house, and has a portion of his income—the immediate fruits of his toil—fished from him. In order that the victim may quietly submit to this outrage, he is first educated to believe that there is something very shocking about direct taxation. This teaching has been only too successful; the average citizen trembles at the very thought of the literal tax-gatherer, though why it should be so much more dangerous to know what you are paying than to “go it blind,” he cannot explain. Next, in order that he may not only submit, but actually exult in his own fleecing, the monstrous superstition of “Protection” has been invented and imposed upon his credulity. He has swallowed this also. To-day, in this intelligent community, there are thousands of farmers and other workmen who believe in the fetich of the N.P. as absolutely—and just as reasonably—as the pagans of India believe in

their “gods.” And amongst all the wooden images of the East there is not a more hollow, lying fraud than this Canadian idol. What is the whole sum and substance of the worship? That the consumer shall pay his taxes indirectly (so that he may not be able to keep track of the amount), and that he shall thus pay a great deal more than his fair share. This is the “blessing” the idol confers upon the consumer. To the protected monopolist it is more beneficent, for of the aggregate sum laid upon the altar a good proportion goes into his private coffer, the balance going to the Government. Is the consumer a fool? Oh, no; he says he is looking after his own interests. He wants to see the monopolists made prosperous because then they can afford to pay high wages. Well, do they do so? Are wages in Canada any higher in proportion to living expenses than they were before 1878? No. And why? Because competition in the labor market regulates wages, and there is free entry at all our ports for all the labor that wishes to come. The whole thing is a swindle, but such a clumsy and transparent swindle that we marvel how it could so long have deceived the majority of our people. If the consumers of Canada are not fools they will throw off this unworthy and degrading superstition, and smash this empty idol to pieces on the next opportunity. They will repel with indignation the impudent attempt of the swindlers to bandage their eyes with the “old flag”—to continue the robbery in the name of “loyalty.” What the people want is a leader who is not afraid or ashamed to appeal to common sense against this idiotic system. May he come to the front soon!

QUESTION!—In a recent issue we called upon Premier Mowat to explain to the people of Ontario his reasons for proposing to sell out the Asylum land on Queen street, while determining to retain the ownership of the Upper Canada College grounds for the Province and dispose of them only on leasehold. As yet no reply has been forthcoming, but in the meantime it is announced that the sale of a large portion of the Queen street land has been consummated. We trust the leader of the Opposition will see that Mr. Mowat is given an opportunity to defend this action in the approaching session of the Legislature. It will require all his ability, we should suppose, to put forth any reasonable excuse. He certainly cannot plead that the Government received no warning; nor can he say that the Provincial treasury was in immediate need of money. By reserving the ownership of the College lands, the Government have made it clear that they are alive to the benefits of future rental values, and it will be a job for casuistry to show why this policy would not apply to the Queen street property with even greater force. Perhaps—we only throw it out as a suggestion, of course—if Mr. Meredith read out to the country the names of the individuals who have come into possession of this land by the very accommodating action of the Government, a little light might be thrown on a dark subject.

THE editor of the *Christian Guardian* demolishes the single tax theory once more with a wave of his goose-quill. “We have no disposition to deny,” says he, “that the land belongs naturally and originally to the whole people of a nation or country.” “The claim that the ‘unearned increment’ of land values, as Mill calls it (ground rent, in other words), should be given to the people is plausible, and may be admitted to have claims to careful consideration,” but—etc., etc. Well, why doesn’t the able gentleman examine that claim carefully? If, as he admits, the land really belongs to the whole people, and its rental value is given to it solely by the fact of population, it is surely more than “plausible” to conclude that the whole people are entitled to the rental value. Who else has any right to it?

* * *

JUST here is where the editor goes astray. He says the Government of a country represents and acts for the people, and if a Government sees fit to sell a portion of the common heritage to an individual, such a course is “not inconsistent with the original common right of the people to the land.”

* * *

BUT what about the unborn generation? What Government is authorized to barter away *their* heritage? The land, like the air and the water, is for the living

generation only ; dead men have no just title to it, and the living have no power to deal with it to the detriment of those yet to come. This point is also worthy of the *Guardian's* "careful examination."

IF the Government of Canada, acting on behalf of the people, sold the Province of Ontario to MR. GRIP on the present basis of land tenure, what would be the result? Why, MR. GRIP would make every occupant of it pay him rent for living here. How much rent? As much as the people would pay rather than be driven out to seek equal privileges elsewhere. He could get a good round sum every year, for example, from the *Christian Guardian* people for the privilege of occupying such a desirable spot on King street. Perhaps rather than pay what MR. GRIP thought it (or any other site they might select) worth, they would prefer to move the establishment out of Ontario altogether. That would be their only alternative.

BUT if MR. GRIP came into possession of this fine estate under the single tax system, he would have to hand over to the public till every cent he collected in the shape of ground rent. It wouldn't do him any good to own Ontario for landlord purposes. It would be impressed upon his mind that the Creator made the land of Ontario for the sustenance of human beings, not for the rent that could be got out of it. Doesn't the *Guardian* believe this really was the Creator's design?

IT is the practical question, however, that chiefly bothers the editor's brain. Admitting that all the people "naturally and originally" own the land, and that therefore to claim that the ground rent should be put in the public till is "plausible," he is puzzled by some questions which he declares are "more easily asked than answered."

"HOW can it be decided what the 'unearned increment' is?" Private landlords seem to be able to decide this without much difficulty under the present system. Public assessors could do the same. The "unearned increment" is the amount the landlord now takes in rent. "Will not the consciousness that all this natural increase of value shall be taken away from him destroy a man's industry and enterprise?" No, but it will destroy the spirit of speculation which rages in his breast. "Why should the idle tramps that may drift into a community from any distant land . . . have as much right to the 'unearned increment' as the people of the country?" Because they are children of God as are others. But trampism would soon cease under a system which would give every man a fair chance to make a living. It is the present system of artificially restricting the supply of natural opportunities that makes tramps. "Why is not the product of the legitimate exercise of intellectual sagacity and foresight, which some would call an 'unearned increment,' as justly a man's own as the product of his labor?" It is, unquestionably, and would be so regarded under the single tax system. It matters not what "some" would call it, if the intellectual activity is exercised in a legitimate way, the whole reward should justly go to the man who earned it. At present it doesn't. A professional man who, by sagacity and foresight, earns a good income, has to give up a portion of it in the shape of taxes. The man who labors with his hands is now taxed on his house, his food, his clothing, etc., etc., etc.

"IF the principle is carried out would it not involve the taking from men all other gain and advantage not the direct results of their labor?" No; it would on the other hand secure to every man the full direct and indirect results of his labor. Only the man whose "labor" now consists of appropriating to himself land values created by the community, would go short. But his style of "labor" is only legalized robbery. "Why should wealthy men, whose wealth is in some other form, not be taxed?" They would be, under the single tax system, as all their wealth, whatever its form, is related to land more or less remotely, and would be affected by the tax on land values.

IN conclusion, the editor denies the axiom that "land is necessary to life." He does not claim to have discovered a method of living in the clouds; what he means is that an individual man can live without actually possessing land. This is quite true; it is not necessary that everybody should possess or cultivate land, though it would greatly relieve the pressure of poverty if access to land at present unused within the limits of civilization were made free to the thousands who would gladly go to it for a living. But whether the land itself is needed or not, there can be no question that its rental value in the public till would enable us to abolish all other taxation, and lift untold burdens from society. Would this have no effect on present poverty? If the land belongs to the whole people "naturally and originally," why shouldn't they get this fund as a matter of simple justice?

"DEACON or Manager—which?" was a *Globe* article's heading the other day. Just as if everybody didn't know Bro. Cameron was both!



BOAS AND BEAUX.

SUGGESTION for utilizing the superfluous yards of those fashionable boas during the chilly weather.



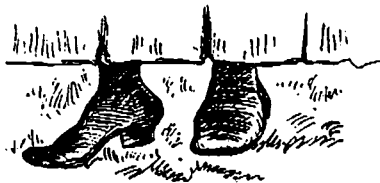
“DISPLACEMENT.”

STREET CAR CONDUCTOR (*politely, to stout party*)—“Would you mind standing up, sir? There's three ladies on the platform as would like your seat.”

BEHIND THE FENCE.



BENEATH the shade that dusks her face,
She coyly peeps across the street,
The blush that crimson lends her grace,
Whene'er our glances chance to meet;
Her tender smile, her laughing eyes,
Her pouting lips just made to kiss,
“I' faith,” quoth I, “your love I'd prize,
Were you my sweetheart, little miss.”
The crude board fence between us stands,
Me:thinks I fain would own the lot
Were she to care, with gracious hands,
For all belongings of the plot.
And so in ecstasy I dream
Her love has answered to my call;
I wonder if she likes ice cream;
Until my wayward glances fall,



And then my heart sinks low apace,
And almost pauses in its beat,
For what the beauty of her face
When she has such ungodly feet?

W. C. N.

THE UNLEARNED LESSON.

My little boy moaned with the tooth-ache;
The pain was prolonged and keen—
And it grieved my heart, though I sat apart,
And never by word or look or sign
Showed that his ache was also mine—
For I thought of the “might have been.”

In the dentist's chair, just the day before,
I had coaxingly set the lad;
And I told him the truth—that the aching tooth
Would never cease its cruel throbbing
Unless—“If—he—pulls—it”—here a sob—
“I—kn-n-now—it—w-w-will—hurt—me—b-b-bad!”

At the sight of the hawk-bill forceps,
At the thought of prospective pain,
The little man's nerve, his whilom *verve*,
Fled and left him a baby mere,
So fearsome and tearsome it was clear
We must force him or else abstain.

So I said to the child, with a chiding frown,
As I led him adown the stair:
“The pain may be keen, my obstinate wean,
But here I have offered the remedy—
You would not take it—and now tell me
Do you think if you cry I'll care?”

So I sat me and read there unconcerned
All outward—But, ah, dear me!
The mother breast was but ill at rest,
And rose and fell at each pitiful moan—
The mother heart's unison with “her own”—
He knew not her agony!

But a lesson I sought to teach my boy—
A lesson of cause and effect.
And I strove to be brave and the way to pave
To the understanding of the child,
With words soft-spoken and visage mild,
And his wilfulness to correct.

I fancied the thought of the spurned relief
Would be uppermost in his mind.
So I said, as I fondled his curly head:
“My little Boy Blue,
I've no feeling for you—
Can you tell why no pity you find?”

“I know that you suffer, my precious one,
But why should I care, forsooth?”
Oh, foolish thought that a work was wrought—
That my little one saw
Into natural law—
He sobbed: “‘Cos—m-m-ma—it—i-i-isn't—*your*—tooth!”

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

SHE—“You must come to my donkey party next Thursday evening, Mr. Jack. Now I will accept no refusal, for I do so want it to be a perfect success.” (And yet he doesn't know whether to feel pleased or not.)

HOW THEY DO IT IN GLENGARRY.

TRAVELLER (*to Hotel-keeper*)—“I say, boss, how much will you charge me if I stay a week with you? I do not know yet how long I may have to stay.”

HOTEL-KEEPER—“Only \$3.50, sir; that is our rates.”

TRAVELLER—(*after staying three and three-quarter days*)
“Well, boss, what is my bill?”

HOTEL-KEEPER—“\$4.50, sir.”

TRAVELLER—“I thought you said I could stay a week for \$3.50?”

HOTEL-KEEPER—“So I did, but—”

TRAVELLER—“Well, I guess I will stay three days more and I will get back a dollar.”

HOTEL-KEEPER—“All right; I won't go back on my rates.”

CORRESPONDENT RAFFERTY.

HE CONSIDERS AFTER DUE DELIBERATION THAT THIS COUNTRY IS SAFE.

MISTHER GRIP,—



I'VE been in a stew radin' the *Impire* newspaper, that has been tellin' us all so often lately that there's murdher in the air, that it's blood the Reform payple are schramin' afther, an' that ivry blissid sowl av us who don't be belavin' in the docthrine that Sir John A. is the only thoroughbred patriot in Canady, an' who won't shout for him wid both fishts, is a thraitor an' blackguard!

Say, GRIP, it isn't thru, is it, allana? The sorra a bit av me wants to belave a word av it.

My public belafe, expressed privately to you, is that the *Impire* is crazy—the crathur!

I'm a Reformer, bedad; but often an' often, what wid slutherin' an' humbuggin' an' botherin' me head about this quistion an' that quistion, this candydade an' that candydade, this policy an' that policy, faix I r'ally couldn't tell you what side I voted agin, or what side I voted for, or whether I didn't shpoil me ballot entirely, an' shwear I'd let the whole gang go to Ballyhooly.

Yit, notwithstanding this bit av a confession to yoursilf, Misther GRIP, I want to see Reform go on, an', sez Rafferty, more power to the elbow av ivry man Jack in the wide land that votes Reform, whether he's Grit or Tory, Protistant or Prisbytarin', lame or lapin', good, bad, or indifferent.

D'ye hear me, *Impire*? Thin, behave yersilf like a dacint, honest Christian wid a clane conscience, aitin' three meals a day, an' lashins in the shwill barrel for the pair av pigs!

Don't be afther thryin' to make out that there's lots av us hoorooon' for slaughter! That whole armies are marchin' "to haul down the ould flag." That lagions upon lagions are climbin' over aich other's necks to "disthroy confideration," to "sell the country to the foreign foe," an' to kick up the divil av a Donnybrook ginirally.

We're none av us for gore.

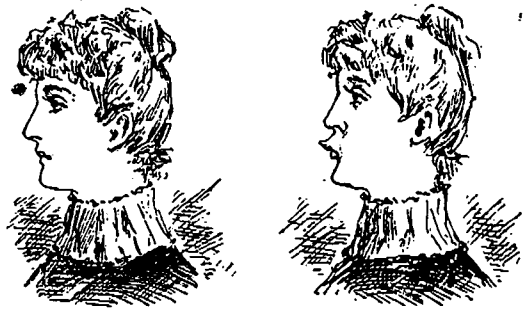
There's not a mother's son av us that I know who's hidin' in the hedge wid his blundherbuss waitin' a chance at the shkin av a neighbor, bekase that neighbor buys the *Impire*, an' is riddy at any blissid minute to hoot his shtand-up collar aff at the mere mintion av Saint John A.'s name!

We don't want to fight,
An', be jingo, we don't mane to.

So, be aff wid you, *Impire*, omadhaun! Lave us in pace an' plinty, wid our own arms an' brains to airn a comfortable kape as individuals, an' a kind Providence to guide our distiny as a nation.

The country, I belave, is safe. But, begorra, av I was around whin you were in the act av schrawlin' out your murdherin' mush, I don't think you'd be safe from

DENIS RAFFERTY.



OH, SHAW!

MISS Maude de Bloorstreet was rather a pretty girl until she went to hear the Prima Donna whistler, and took a fancy to the art.

THE WAIL OF A GENIUS.

WHEN the great and only Professor Bumpus visited "our town," as the New Brunswickers say, I went to that dignitary to be bumped. He was a fierce-looking man, who turned in his toes, and who wore false teeth, and who fairly made me tremble when he went meandering around my ears and let his long bony fingers griggle in and out of my curls, and punched me gently, and wound up by leaving me two dollars poorer than nothing (as I had borrowed that amount with a vague presentiment I should never be able to return it), and the promising assurance that I should be a writer. So far he spoke the truth—rest his soul—but I feel aggrieved and embittered when I look back over all the years, the pages and subjects I've written, all the stamps and envelopes and paper I have used, all the candles I have burnt writing. Truly I am a writer, but never yet have I seen the color of a greenback, or a dollar, or a dime, for all that writing. One editor—he was a Toronto man, too—sent back an article on which I spent twelve days and nearly as many nights work, with the fiendish remark, "Subject overdone." It was on Temperance, and a real red hot one, too. Well, I then wrote one on Intemperance, and I sent that to Montreal. I never saw that again, nor the stamps I sent with it. I wrote and gave that editor a piece of my mind, thereby wasting another stamp. Then in my despair I married a man who had no more taste for literature than a cat has for cheese. Why, he used to go right asleep and snore while I read my stirring verses to him. I almost gave up. He'd jaw about a hole in his sock, and say the bread was sour, and go mumping around pretending he had to sew on his own buttons, and if ever he was obliged to wash the dishes (at times when I was hurried like with my articles, you know), why, he would be sure to crack my cups or knock bits off the teapot spout, until I declare I saw we were getting poorer and poorer. He used to get mad, too, sometimes, and tear up my manuscripts, positively tear 'em up; so, seeing we couldn't agree, I just walked off and left him to enjoy his own society, as he didn't seem to appreciate mine.

So it goes on. I can't get any editor so far to fall into the views of that old Bumpus. I've written and written, and, considering I have no other means of subsistence, it looks rather blue. However, I remember how great men, and women, too, were reviled and laughed at all the time their genius was wasting away, but I prefer taking a mild share of praise now to a monument when I am dead.

MARY MARKWELL.



GOOD FOR MAYOR CLARKE!

By the action of the Mayor a By-law has been prepared which will prevent speculators hereafter from opening new streets at the expense of the city to benefit their own pockets.

THE AMATEUR LAND SPECULATOR.

"Hello, Frank! Is that you?
Where you been all this while?
So the story was true
That you made quite a pile

By your fortunate land speculations, and went in for living in style?

"So you threw up your sit
And waltzed off on your ear,
Didn't suit you a bit
No twelve hundred a year?
Thinks you, 'with this big wad of boodle I want a more lively career."

"Well, how did it go?
And what have you done?
I'm wanting to know
If you've had lots of fun.
Have you doubled your money by this time or blowed in the boodle you won?"

"Yes Bob, it's the case
That, a twelve month ago,
I gave up my place,
For it seemed mighty slow
For twelve paltry dollars a week to be toiling and slaving, ye know.

"By a sale that I made
Of a big vacant lot,
That my dad took in trade,
A few thousand I got.
It's nigh twenty year since he took it, when there wasn't a soul near the spot.

"When I pulled in the cash,
What a future I planned!
I'll cut a big dash
And I'll buy and sell land;
Who'd work when a fortune awaits him to be made without turning a hand?"

"So I says to the boss
As I quitted the store,
"Good bye now, old hoss,
You'll behold me no more;
I'm a land-speculator, you bet! you can give my back pay to the poor!"

"The very next day
I commenced looking round
In a business-like way
For some cheap lots of ground;
About two thousand people quite ready to steer me to fortune I found.

"Yes, where'er I went forth,
Though it strange may appear,
Whether east, west or north,
Whether distant or near,
There were bargains quite certain to double in value course of a year.

"But whenever to come
To a deal I would try,
I must own that the sum
Always seemed rather high.
'No matter, the fellow I sell to's the man that'll suffer, said I.

"When my cash I'd laid out
As I thought pretty well,
I then looked about
And attempted to sell;
'Twas a horse of a different color, I tell you, for prices had fell!

"It will come out all right,
Not a bit of a doubt,
But just now money's tight
And the boom's petered out.
Could I hold on a couple of years I might get what I put in, about.

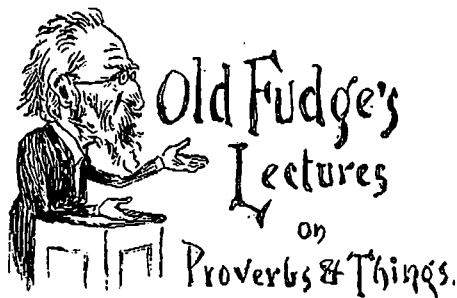
"In the meantime I'm bust,
For I've not got a cent,
I'm living on trust
And I owe three months' rent,
And the interest and taxes they keep piling up, and my money is spent.

"Now, say, Bob, old friend,
Wish I'd met you before,
A V will you lend?
I won't ask you for more;
To morrow, just think, I'm a-going back clerking in Finnerty's store!"

PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



FATHER TIME WILL ARRIVE WITH A FULL SUPPLY ABOUT DECEMBER 1st.



“BETTER TO WEAR OUT THAN RUST OUT.”

No philosopher ever understood his subject. In this respect, I am a philosopher. Fools think they know, and are anxious to tell it. I believe the story of Balaam's ass—but now ethnologically some animals do not eat thistles and have not tails—see? Underlying all the superficies of a subject is mystery. In one respect the principle of agnosticism is correct—Socrates said he did not know; this was the great point he made at his celebrated trial. In this respect he was unlike his enemies—he knew his ignorance. But on the banks of a more beautiful Ilyssus and in a new life, the old man of seventy would renew his youth and converse with sympathetic spirits—not pedants. Enough—and to the proverb—why does iron rust? Mark, it is not in the nature of the iron—it is rather in outside influences. When the old philosopher was young he heard this theory, “There is no inevitable necessity that man should grow old and decay.” Is decay inherent in body or mind, or do the destructive forces come from without? I knew a man who drove an engine thousands of miles away—no matter, on second thought, *he* did not drive it; millions of little rarified titanic forces drove it, shoulder to shoulder microscopic imps seeking to rectify a disturbed law. My friend simply operated and controlled it. That huge upright engine was his pet, his plaything—poking up its solution of copper and slime out of depths and from pathways “which no vulture's eye hath seen.” It was an old engine and yet every huge and trifling accessory had been renewed—as physiologists affirm is the case with the human body. If it had rested it would have rusted. The doctor passes his examination, but does he know as much as my engineer? A “bigger man” than Sir Morell says the English knight is ignorant of science; but doctors are paid for experimenting, and sometimes through incompetency the engine goes to smash and is thrown out on a cast-iron heap. But, my philosophical friends, the proverb is true, and yet in some cases the “better” had better be left out. For there is too much wearing out—everything is at high pressure—strained tension. God help the poor people that are wearing out—coughing, stooping, dying, sobbing their life out, to minister to pride and selfishness, and, moreover, decked out in delicate trceries which attenuated fingers have woven. We are *very, very* good. My friend petted his engine, but who pets the poor seamstress?—except it be the impish dude, to her ruin? Hear the apostle of labor—the politic apostle—stitch, stitch, stitch!—under the variegated light of the stained windows—under the shadow of the typical Man of all the ages—amidst the rolling, reverberating music—an obligato in all the choruses,—stitch, stitch, stitch!—“stitching shrouds.”

SCHLEIFENHEIMER'S SAYINGS.

PY der barty, mit der barty, but effery man for himself ven it gomes to der fine ding.

It's mighty easy o find der two pirds to kill mit von shtone, as it vas to get hold auf der shtone und dhrow it putty kwvick und shtraight.

GIF some man an inch, und you find ouid dot he ontlly vants der resht auf your whole puitling lot, und a chance to perry you away off in some goner auf it vot aind no use.

A PIRD in your hand is petter as anoder von in der push onid ven you don't got a gun, und dot pird is a spring durkey. But a pird in your cage, ven it vokens you ub pefore daylight, let dot pird gone onid into der push.

AUF I vas a pig shtatesman I vouldn't vait until der beebles but me onid pefore I dook a chob dot vas pooty goot, und didn't hurt me to vill.

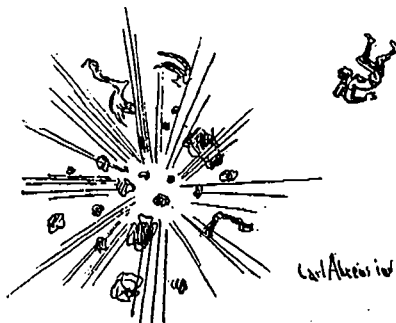
IN der sphring der young man's vancy
Lightly durns to doughs auf lofe,
In der fall it's 'bout his oncle,
Und der glose he had to shofe.

I VOULD liken to be a goot man, myself. But it vould be a lonely chob for me drying to schare ub fit und broper gompany to keeb.

It's a pooty short lane dot don't vant a gall vrom der carpage gart more'n 'bonid vonce a veek.

EFFERYDING goes, eh? But ven a man dries it on too much, dond he sometime shtop—in der shdation houis ofer night, I bade you?

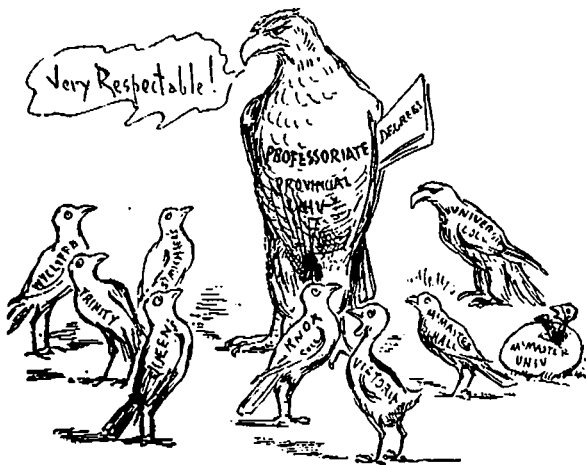
How offen you zomedimes vind a man who shouts “Gif me Liberty!” really needs der chudge in der bolice court to gif him dree months in chail!



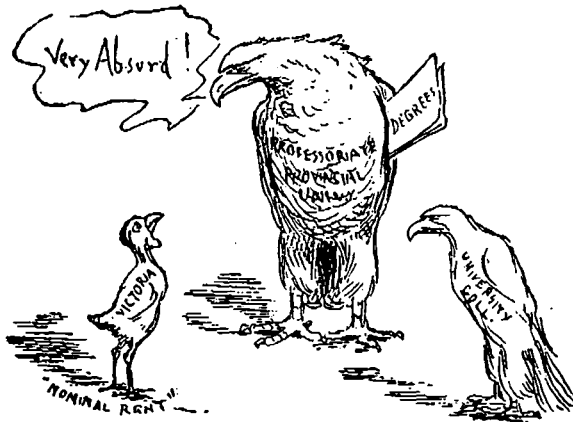
A SUDDEN RISE IN BUTTER.

THE COLLEGE FEDERATION "SCHEME."

AN ALLGORY, FOUNDED ON FACT.



1.—AS IT WAS TO BE.



2.—AS IT IS.

PROFESSORIAL—"What has become of all those other birds
Looks as though they must have 'fled away.'"



3.—AS IT WILL BE.

PROFESSORIAL—"I thought I saw another party here?"
UNIV. COLLEGE—"You did, but it has—er—er—Federated,
don't you know?"

POLITICS AND MATRIMONY.

WHEN the preacher entered the room into which the couple had been shown, he saw an awkward looking young woman and a wild-eyed, restless young man. The former was seated and was the sole proprietor of a big hunk of chewing gum, and a sort of intermittent giggle, each of which were made to do duty alternately throughout the interview.

"Be you the preacher?" asked the young man, promptly.

"I believe so," replied the minister.

"Well I'm a well read man, I am."

"I am glad to hear it."

"Yes! 'n Suse here an' me want to get married."

"Te-he-he! te-he! te-he-he!" giggled Suse in assent.

"All right, sir," said the minister, starting for his ritual.

"Hold on preacher, jestamin't."

"Well?"

"Does this Imperial Featheration bizness 'fect matrimony eny?"

"Not that I am aware of."

"Te-he-he! te-he! te-he-he!"

"Sh-h-h, Suse! Well now, parson, how about Comershall Unicorn?"

"That has nothing to do with the validity of the marriage contract," replied the minister.

"It haint? An' this here Anatomy of the Provinces. See eny danger in them?"

"No! you need have no fears upon that score."

"Te-he-he! te-he! te-he-he!"

"Hush, Suze, don' ac' so foolish. Yes an' here's this Fishery Treatee, n' Retaliation. Suppos'n us an' the Yanks fite an' we lick 'em, Suze an' me'll still be man an' wife, will we?"

"Yes!" said the minister, sinking wearily into a chair.

"An' if they lick us?"

"Result just the same," gasped the minister.

"So! Well, I'm glad we cum and glad I axed you. I take an interest in politickels an' it's well to know how these questions 'fect civil contrac's. Come, Suze. Get on your pins an' let the parson cut his caper."

When the ceremony was over he handed the clergyman a bran new five-dollar note, remarking, "There ain't no flies on us, preacher," an assertion which Susan emphatically endorsed by letting off another "Te-he-he! te-he! te-he-he!"

UNDERSTOOD HIS BUSINESS.

AGENT—"Madam, I have here some prime silk dress goods which I am almost giving away. Same goods cost from \$1.50 to \$2 per yard in the stores."

HOUSEWIFE—"No; I don't want any to-day."

AGENT—"Well, I'm sorry you will not buy, although I had thought you would."

HOUSEWIFE (*getting curious*)—"And what put that into your head?"

AGENT—"Why, I saw your husband down at the end of the lane, and he said it was no use forme to come, as you had more dresses now than the Queen of Sheba had."

HOUSEWIFE—"That's just like him. I'll bet if you had been selling men's—"

AGENT—"I am. He bought a necktie, a pair of suspenders, some socks and pocket-handkerchiefs, a—"

HOUSEWIFE—"Look here, man, how much silk have you got?"

AGENT—"Just ten yards."

HOUSEWIFE—"I'll take it all."



A DEGRADING SUPERSTITION.

CANADIAN CONSUMERS WORSHIPPING A HOLLOW FRAUD. WHERE ARE THE MISSIONARIES?

J. W. B. Macgregor

MY INITIATION INTO HOUSE-KEEPING.

WHAT AN UNSOPHISTICATED LITERARY MAN HAS TO
CONTEND WITH.

I HAVE not commenced housekeeping yet, and for a very simple reason: I found I had several things to learn before I could commence.

First of all, my furnace puzzled me. Some one asked me whose furnace it was. Now, although I call it mine, I suppose it is really the landlord's, so I said so. My fair questioner (of course it was a woman) smiled rather curiously, I thought, and explained that she meant of what pattern it was. I wish women would not ask these questions. The only kinds of furnaces I know nothing about are those I have read of in *Iron*, *The Engineer*, *Engineering*, and other scientific papers, and I have common sense enough to know that my furnace (which, I believe, does nothing but heat a little air) is anything like those in which they make Bessemer steel, or phosphor-bronze, or aluminum. But what I was going to say was that it was ignorance of my furnace that delayed me. I had never seen one before—except in pictures and outside manufacturers' shops, I think—and to this moment I do not know which hole to put the coal into. It is a horrible-looking thing, that furnace, such a frightfully intricate thing. There are what look like complicated trap-doors every here and there, and huge tin pipes like dangerous sea-serpents; and little handles that turn every way; what on earth these are for, and when they are turned "on" and when "off"—on all these matters I decline to express any opinion, for I have none to express.

Then the coal, too; that has puzzled me. Some one told me that that abominable furnace required one kind, the kitchen range ("cook stove," she called it—of course it was another she. What a lot of things these women know!) another kind, the grate another kind; and wood was required to light all these different heating and cooking arrangements; and I overheard also some discussion about the "cook stove" (don't they mean "cooking stove"?) burning coal or wood (or coal *and* wood, was it? I hope out of mercy to my purse, not) . . . oh, dear me, what a lot of problems there are outside books! I had no idea there were so many.

H.

SANCTUM SKETCHES.

THE EDITOR'S KIND FRIEND.

"SAY, Bill," said the editor to the foreman, as he came over to where that functionary was debating how he would fill up four columns of empty space with one column of small locals, "I'm not going on that shooting expedition I had in contemplation three weeks ago. There are several reasons to account for my change of mind, some of which probably you will want to learn. One is that the man who offered me the freedom of his swamp out in Snodgrass township lied like thunder—and I was lunatic enough to give him a year's subscription receipt in consideration of his kindness, too. But that does not matter. I used a blank of the former proprietor for that receipt, which I can, therefore, readily repudiate, and charge him double rates at the end of the year. The truth of the matter, William, is that his swamp, which he assured me swarmed with game, fairly pining for some man and a gun to come along and fill bag after bag with, is an old bog without a bit of vegetable life in it; where a partridge never was known to seek

seclusion; where a squirrel was never seen to even reconnoitre; and where even a rabbit never contemplated looking for anything but absolute starvation.

"Of course, if I were simply and solely anxious for a hunt, all this would make no particular difference; except I proved a somewhat exacting person, which I never was, I would cheerfully go off and hunt in that swamp, and come home with whole columns of exciting sporting adventure for the *Hooperup*.

"But, to be candid with you, another of the editor's friends has dissuaded him—I mean the man from whom I was to have bought my beautiful, double-barrelled, lightning-action, far-reaching gun. This man makes these elegant and useful implements. He sent me a circular stating he was prepared to forward me one as a sample, if I would advertise it in my paper, and also act as agent for their sale. I agreed, as you can readily understand I could advertise it without putting too much strain on our editorial space, especially as the advertisement was to be stereotyped. And I know at least one splendid customer, a distinguished journalist, editor and proprietor of the *Mudge Hollow Hooperup*, who would gladly take one of the unequalled fowling pieces to begin with.

"I accepted the princely terms and awaited further instructions. They came, they saw, they conquered. But I didn't concur. The noble manufacturer wanted \$10 to pay cost of boxing, etc., etc. The philanthropic gun-maker required me also to pay the duty, another \$10. This was magnanimous on his part, no doubt. But it was a trifle disappointing to me. Twenty dollars in cash and two columns, representing \$50, of advertising, would not have been an enormous price to pay for a gun, if a man only had money to pay for anything. Unfortunately for my munificent shooting-iron dealer, I was building a railway at the time, and also had several millions sunk in a thrivingly deep gold-mine. So, reluctantly, I let the bargain go.

"I may add, William, in conclusion, that only to-day I learned from a brother editor in a distant town that this magnificent gun I so narrowly missed becoming the proud exploder of, retails at less than \$20. This intelligence, under the circumstances, is not fatally painful to me, William, but it will bear a little reflection, and serves to add to my large stock of knowledge as to the great number of true friends the good and devoted editor has.

"Not this fall, some other fall, I shall hie me off to the exciting and densely populated hunting-grounds in this county, if I have to take a club in lieu of a cheap and charming gun.

"Meantime, Bill, gimme a chew off that new plug of yours, and don't let the butcher, if he happens along again with that infernal bill of his, know I'm in. Keep the space of the leading article this week for an editorial on the need of more Savings Banks in this village. And, say, don't you forget to mention in your locals that the editor's fall hunting tour has been deferred in order to afford him leisure for a trip to Europe in the spring."

AFTER hearing Mrs. Frank Machelcan's contralto notes at Ottawa lately an enthusiastic lover of song was heard to declare that Hamilton would no longer need the services of the 13th Band to trumpet the attractions of the ambitious city. Mrs. Machelcan, as a vocalist of surpassing excellence and power, would henceforth be quite able to voice the general sentiment. To which GRIP, like the gallant old beau that he is, would simply add, "Encore!"

The Trustihunk sat on a Wankupin Bush
Singing "Tariff, High Tariff, High Tariff!"
Oh, brave was the sound of his melody's gush,
Singing "Tariff, High Tariff, High Tariff!"
And the Laborwicks struck and the Pinkertons shot
And the Kommerceboats stranded and all went to rot;
But the Trustihunk's song with the burden was fraught
Still of Tariff, High Tariff, High Tariff!

The Trustihunk's head was too small for his feet,
Singing "Tariff, High Tariff, High Tariff!"
And his voice was more loud than his voice it was sweet,
Singing "Tariff, High Tariff, High Tariff!"
But the Paupe-rjimps came like the wolf on the fold
And for Nixwages burnished the fat Calf of Gold;
Yet the song of the Trustihunk gorgeously rolled,
Oh, the Tariff, High Tariff, High Tariff!

With his Logicbox empty, in dollarous pitch,
Singing "Tariff, High Tariff, High Tariff!"
Still he blarneyed the Poorwogs and wink-wanked the Rich.
Oh, Tariff, High Tariff, High Tariff!
Then the Ballotbox up and right grumpy spoke he,
And he said this darnfooodle no longer shall be;
And the Trustihunk croaked still a-tonguell-ing free,
The refrain of "High Tariff, High Tariff!"

THE attraction at the Toronto Opera House this week is "Theodora," which will be produced with Miss Phosée McAllister in the title role and Mr. Wm. F. Clefstan as Fabian. An exchange says:—"Of its presentation last night it need simply be said that it was excellently staged and acted. The curtain had not been up five minutes when it became evident that those on the stage were actors and actresses, and as the play progressed it was found that the entire cast was composed of people of the same sort, for the company is a good one throughout."

EVERY lady ought to know that Jelly of Cucumber and Roses is the best thing in the world to cure chapped hands. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

AMELIE RIVES CHANDLER had an obliging bishop call around at her house the other day to administer the rite of confirmation. So now we suppose there will be no harm in speaking of Amelie as "a confirmed storyteller."

"AND how do you stand on the tariff, Mr. Cornbrake?" asked the schoolmaster; "are you a Protectionist?" "I?" replied the chiropodist; "no, I'm a feet raider." (Dies.)

MEDICATED ELECTRIC BELT. — Medicated for all diseases of the blood and nervous system. Can be worn night or day without inconvenience. Hundreds of testimonials. Correspondence strictly confidential. Consultation and electrical treatment free. Cures guaranteed. Illustrated Book and Journal sent free. Medicated Electric Belt Co., 155 Queen St. West, Toronto.

"YOU have a great deal of wind here, don't you?" inquired the tourist. "Well, ye-es," said the native, "we have, but"—brightening up—"it doesn't belong here; it all comes from away up in the Northwest, somewhere."

OUR FRIENDS ABROAD.

It is not surprising that people are looking forward anxiously for the Christmas Number of the Montreal Star to send away to friends in England and elsewhere. Somehow the Star always manages to make a hit with its pictorial and commemorative numbers. There is no cheap or catch-penny style about them. In fact they are so pretty and so taking that they sell at sight. We hear that orders are pouring in from all parts of Canada for the Christmas Star, which will be for sale in a few days. Orders should be left at the newsdealers in advance, as they have always run short, and the orders are filled in the order in which they are received. "First come first served."

OUT in California they wrap fruit trees with cloth to keep them from being sunburned. The next thing we know they will be putting veils on the oranges to keep off freckles.—Burlington Free Press.

OLD BOY—"Thomas, if my wife asks you where I am, tell her I have gone to the opera." SERVANT—"Certainly, sir, certainly; but where are you really going, in case anybody else should want to know?"—Texas Siftings.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

PERHAPS it is unnecessary to remark that, however they may disagree otherwise, all stump-speakers believe in free tirade.

NO, my son; it is not safe to remark in the hearing of a man with a club that the aeronaut who drops from the clouds with a parachute is a ballunatic.

DEAFNESS CURED.—A very interesting 132-page Illustrated Book on Deafness. Noises in the head. How they may be cured at your home. Post free 3d. Address Dr. Nicholson, 30 St. John St., Montreal.

YOUNG MAN (to editor)—"Did you receive a poem from me, sir?" EDITOR—"I believe I did." YOUNG MAN—"After looking it over were you able to do anything with it?" EDITOR—"Yes; I had just strength enough left to throw it in the basket."—Harper's Bazar.

ORIENTAL ACTINA.—The only Catarrh remedy ever offered to the public on fifteen days' trial. Actina is not a medicine or a disgusting lotion, but a self-generating vapor, easily and pleasantly applied at all hours, times and places. A written guarantee given with each instrument. Illustrated Book and Journal sent free. W. T. Baer & Co., 155 Queen Street West, Toronto.

SMITH to Jones (who has just closed the front door very softly): "Somebody sick upstairs, Jones?" Jones: "Sh! no; I'm behind with my board."—Texas Siftings.

FREE \$25 Solid Gold Watch Sold for \$100 until lately. Best \$25 watch in the world. Perfect time-keeper. **FREE**

Warranted, Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Elegant and magnificent. Both subject and gents sizes, with works and cases of equal value. **One Person** in each locality can secure one free. How is this possible? We answer—We want one person in each locality, to keep in their homes, and show to those who call, a complete line of our valuable and very useful **Household Samples**. These samples, as well as the watch, we send free, and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property; it is possible to make this great offer, sending the **Solid Gold** watch and **Costly** samples free, as the showing of the samples in any locality, always results in a large trade for us; after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two we usually get from **\$1000 to \$3000** in trade from the surrounding country. This, the most wonderful offer ever known, is made in order that our samples may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America. Write at once, and make sure of the chance. Reader, it will be hardly any trouble for you to show the samples to those who may call at your home and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card on which to write us costs but 1 cent and after you know all, if you do not care to go further, why no harm is done. But if you do send your address at once, you can secure **free** one of the best solid gold watches in the world and our large line of **COSTLY SAMPLES**. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address **Stinson & Co., Box 250, Portland, Maine.**

Magic Needles, THREAD
WITHOUT THREADING! Astonish all who see them. Sample package, assorted, by Mail to any address for 10c. **Whitton Novelty Co., Toronto, Ont.**

TO LET.
Top Floor of the "Grip" Building,
28 FRONT ST. WEST, TORONTO.
(41 FEET BY 120 FEET.)
—WITH—

Steam Power and Heating
Apply to the Manager on the premises.

Grip's Comic Almanac
Will be Out Dec. 1st.

YOU MAY HAVE ONE!!
Just send your name and address, and 10c. for postage, and receive by Mail a HANTSON'S SILVER DRESSER SET and The All-At-Once-everyone! Address, **Whitton Novelty Co., Toronto, Ont.**

Grip! Bound Volume!
FOR 1887.

We have now something tasty and valuable to offer our readers and the public.

The Bound Volume of GRIP, for 1887, is ready for delivery, and will be found a source of constant entertainment and pleasing reference. It has every number of GRIP for the year beautifully bound in cloth, with gilt lettering—making a book of more than 800 pages. Though the binding alone is worth \$1.25, the book will be sold at

The Low Price of \$2.50.
Send in your orders at once and get this beautiful volume.

The Grip Printing and Publishing Co.,
26 and 28 Front Street West, Toronto.

CIRCULAR FREE

CANADIAN BUSINESS UNIVERSITY AND SHORTHAND INSTITUTE

PUBLIC LIBRARY - BUILDING TORONTO
 (Thos. Donoghue President) (Chas. H. Brooks Secretary & Manager)

DAY AND EVENING CLASSES



TENDERS for SUPPLIES

1889.

The undersigned will receive tenders up to noon of
Wednesday, December 5th, 1888,

for the supply of butchers' meat, butter, flour, oat-meal, potatoes, cordwood, etc., to the following institutions during the year 1889, viz.:—The Asylums for the Insane in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton and Orillia; the Central Prison and Reformatory for Females, Toronto; the Reformatory for Boys, Penetanguishene; the Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind in Belleville and Brantford.

Two sufficient sureties will be required for the due fulfilment of each contract. Specifications and forms of tender can only be had on making application to the Bursars of the respective institutions.

N.B.—Tenders are not required for the supply of meat to the Asylums in Toronto, London, Kingston and Hamilton, nor to the Central Prison and Reformatory for Females, Toronto.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.
W. T. O'REILLY,
R. CHRISTIE,
 Inspectors of Prisons and Public Charities.
 Parliament Buildings,
 Toronto, 21st Nov., 1888.

Confederation LIFE ASSOCIATION.

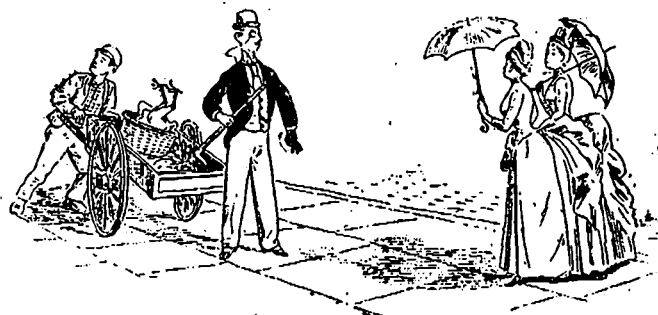
SIR W. P. HOWLAND, C.B., K.C.M., *President.*
 HON. WM. McMASTER, } *Vice-Presidents.*
 WM. ELLIOT, }

Capital and Funds now over \$3,000,000.

Income over \$2000 daily.

Business in force about \$15,000,000.

J K. MACDONALD,
Managing-Director.



FITZ DOOD—"Aw—here's the Dasher girls: how surprised they will be to see me."



PURE GOLD FLAVORING EXTRACTS

BAKING POWDER

BAKING POWDER IS MADE FROM ABSOLUTELY PURE CREAM TARTAR AND SODA. FLAVORING EXTRACTS ARE THE STRONGEST, PUREST AND BEST.

OUR STUDIO GUIDE

MR. FORSTER.
 PORTRAITURE A SPECIALTY.
 Studio—King St. East. TORONTO.

W. CUTTS, ARTIST,
 Danforth Avenue.
 OIL PORTRAITS A SPECIALTY.

MR. HAMILTON MACCARTHY, A.R.C.A.,
 SCULPTOR, formerly of London, England, Under Royal European Patronage. Portrait-Busts, Statuettes and Monuments. Bronze, Marble, Terra Cotta. Studio, New Buildings, Lombard St., Toronto

MRS. VINE, Artist. Portraits in Crayon, Water Colors and Oil. 60 Gloucester St., Toronto.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

CURES
 Impure Blood,
 Dyspepsia,
 Liver Complaints,
 Biliousness,
 Kidney Complaint,
 Scrofula.

BOILERS regularly inspected and insured against explosion by the Boiler Inspection and Insurance Co. of Canada. Also Consulting Engineers and Solicitors of Patents. Head Office, Toronto.

DRAWING-ROOM DANCING.

Public advice—Good DANCING MASTERS are rare, Remember it well, and choose one with care: Object to the "shoddy," don't take any chance, Find PROF. DAVIS, then with certainty you'll dance. Don't be deluded by advertised trash, And thus, in the end, be minus your cash: Victims of confidence it's impossible to be If dancing you learn from PROFESSOR D—, Seventy-seven Wilton Avenue is his address. He is now forming new classes for ladies (day and evening) and misses and masters, also gentlemen—see circular. Established 1859.

Toronto College of Music

and Orchestral and Organ School

Thorough instruction in every branch of Music, Vocal, Instrumental and Theoretical, by exceptionally well qualified teachers. Large 3-manual Pipe Organ and capacious Music Hall. Students of Orchestral Instruments have the special advantage of practical experience in an orchestra of sixty performers. Vocal Students take part in a large chorus, gaining experience in Oratorio and classical works. All courses thoroughly practical, whether for professional or amateur students. All Students participate FREE in concerts and lectures on harmony, acoustics and all other subjects necessary to a proper musical education. TERMS:—Class or private tuition, \$5 to \$30. F. H. TORRINGTON, Director, 12-14 Pembroke St., TORONTO

9 Cords in 10 HOURS

RUNS Easy NO BACKACHE.

BY ONE MAN. Greatly improved. Also TOOL for filing saws whereby those least experienced cannot make a mistake. Sent free with machine. To others, for common cross-cut saws, by mail \$1.00. Hundreds have saved 5 to 9 CORDS daily. We want all who burn wood and all interested in the lumber business to write for our Illustrated Free Catalogue. We have exactly what you want, the greatest labor-saver and best-selling tool now on earth. First order from your vicinity secure agency. No duty to pay. We manufacture in Canada. FOLDING SAWING MACHINE CO., 308 to 311 So. Canal Street, Chicago, U. S. A.

Business Index.

SOMETHING NEW IN DENTISTRY.
DR. LAND'S CONTINUOUS GUM ARTIFICIAL teeth, the most beautiful and healthy in the world. Cannot be detected as artificial. By Dr. Land's process teeth can be filled, crowned and covered so as to defy detection. Call and examine. **Chas. P. Lennox, Dentist, Room B, Arcade.**

THE LION PROVIDENT
Life and Live Stock Association
 Chief Office: Room D, Yonge Street Arcade, Toronto,
PROVIDES INDEMNITY FOR LOSS BY death through disease or accident of Live Stock owned by members. **AGENTS WANTED.**
WM. JONES, Secretary.

GOOD AGENTS WANTED over the entire Dominion. Address, **Geo. D. Ferris, 87 Church Street, Toronto.**

J. W. CHEESEWORTH,
 106 KING ST WEST, TORONTO.
 Fine Art Tailoring a Specialty.

JAS. COX & SON,
 83 YONGE STREET,
 Pastry Cooks and Confectioners. Luncheon and Ice Cream Parlors.

CUT STONE! CUT STONE!
 You can get all kinds of Cut Stone work promptly on time by applying to **LIONEL YORKE,** Steam Stone Works, Esplanade, foot of Jarvis St., Toronto

STANTON,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
 Corner of YONGE & ADELAIDE STREETS.
 Take the elevator to Studio.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's FINE SHOES.
 Summer Stock closing out at Closest Prices.
246 YONGE ST.
W. WEST & CO.

Our Own Make. Men's, Boy's, Youths'.
 UNEQUALLED FOR FIT AND WEAR.

JACOBS & SHAW'S
Toronto Opera House.

MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 3, 1888.
Dan. McCarthy & J. E. McCall's Com'y

True Irish Hearts!!
 An Irish Picturesque Drama in Five Acts, by **DAN. MCCARTHY.**
 Produced with entirely New and Elaborate Scenery, Mechanical Effects and Properties.
NEW MUSIC. NEW SONGS.
NEW DANCES, Etc.

IRISH COMEDY DRAMA
 Ever written. Endorsed by Press and Public all over the United States and Canada.

Introducing well-known character artists. Seats now on sale.

MUSIC.

EDWIN ASHDOWN

Will forward, post free, catalogues of his publications for Voice, Piano, Violin, Violoncello, Harp, Guitar, Concertina, Cornet, Clarinet, Flute, Orchestra, etc. etc., or a complete list of his publications (upwards of 25,000) bound in cloth, upon receipt of 30 cents, to cover cost of binding and postage. Specially low terms to the Profession, Schools and Convents.

89 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

DRESSMAKERS' MAGIC SCALE
 Best Tailor System for cutting ladies' garments. **MISS CHUBB,** 179 King Street West; Moving October 1 to 426 1/2 Yonge Street. **SELLING OF Corsets, Bustles, etc.**

WATSON'S : COUGH : DROPS

Will Cure your Cold.

— TRY THEM. —

NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF DRESS-CUTTING (by Prof. Moody) *simplified*, drafts direct on the material, no book of instructions required. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. Illustrated circular sent free. **AGENTS WANTED**

J. & A. CARTER,
 372 YONGE ST., COR. WALTON ST. TORONTO
 Practical Dressmakers and Milliners.
 EST. ABISHED 1860.

E. W. POWERS,
 53 RICHMOND ST. E., TORONTO.
EXCELSIOR PACKING CASE WORKS.
 ALL KINDS OF JOBBING CARPENTER WORK.
 Estimates Given on Application. Orders Promptly Executed.

STOCK LARGE AND CHOICE
 • Particularly •
CHOICE

CHRISTMAS
PIANO LAMPS
EASELS
BRASS TABLES
ALLAN FURNITURE CO.

NOVELTIES
LADIES' DESKS
CABINETS
TWISTED TABLES
5 KING STREET EAST TORONTO

PALACE FURNITURE WAREROOM.

FANCY - ROCKERS - ETC.
MUSIC CABINETS

CONGER COAL-WOOD COMPANY.

HIGHEST GRADES, LOWEST PRICES. GENERAL OFFICE, 6, KING ST. EAST
 SPECIAL ATTENTION TO FAMILY TRADE. BRANCH. 678, YONGE ST
 COAL PERFECTLY SCREENED BY STEAM. DOCKS & FOOT LORNE ST

PIANOS. ORGANS.

Dominton.

Emerson. Knabe.

More Organs and Pianos under one roof than any other House in Canada. Come and Count Them. The Best Goods. Come and Try Them.

Toronto Temple of Music, 68 King Street West, Toronto.



THEY WERE!

I have a large number of enquiries for houses in the north-eastern portion of the city, from \$2,000 to \$3,500, on easy terms. If you have any to sell, send me full particulars. No charge unless sale effected.

H. H. WILLIAMS
Estate and Financial Broker,
46 Church St.
TORONTO ONT.

DANCING
Prof. THOMAS'
Academy, 77 PETER ST.

Prof. Thomas taught the "Court Minuet" danced at the "Art Fair," also the "National Dances" at the Exhibition. Pupils registering before Nov. 1 will be taught society dances in classes as follows:—Gentlemen, \$5 per term; Ladies and Children, \$4 per term. The Detroit Polka Dot Waltz and Dutches taught CORRECTLY.

CLAXTON'S MUSIC STORE

197 Yonge Street, Toronto.
Keeps everything usually kept in a Music store, also Musical Novelty Agent in Canada for the wonderful PARLOR ORCHESTRONE. Anyone can play these. Prices from \$115 to \$300.
SPANISH GUITARS, the only store in Canada that import GENUINE Spanish Guitars.
Illustrated Catalogue of Musical Instruments sent free.

THE ROSSIN HOUSE,
Corner King and York Streets, TORONTO.
The most centrally located hotel in the city. Prices graduated according to location of room.
ALAN B. CRAIG, Chief Clerk.
A. NELSON, Proprietor.

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE

BEST teeth on Rubber Plate, \$8. Vitalized air
Telephone 1476. C. H. RIGGS, L.D.S., Cor
King and Yonge Sts., TORONTO.



For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our positive guarantee. See wrapper around our bottle. Price \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00.
A large treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, sent for 10 cents in stamps.
Address: WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 603 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.
SICK HEADACHE, Bilious Headache, and Constipation, promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Peppermint Cure, 25c. a vial, by druggists.

MANTEL FOLDING BEDS.
\$15.00.
GREAT SAVING OF ROOM!!
H. P. DAVIES & CO.
22 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

REMINGTON
STANDARD
TYPEWRITER!
Its durability and ease of manipulation are admitted. Recent speed tests have proven it to be the fastest writing machine in the world. If interested, send for full report.
Geo. Bengough, 36 King E., Toronto.

Embellish Your Announcements!
THE GRIP DESIGNING AND ENGRAVING DEPARTMENT

Offers to Retail Merchants and all others an opportunity to embellish, and thus very much improve their Advertising Announcements at a small cost. They are prepared to execute orders for
Designing and Engraving
Of all Descriptions.

Maps Portraits, Engravings of Machinery, Designs of Special Articles for Sale, or of anything else required for illustration or embellishment, produced at short notice, on liberal terms, and in the highest style of the art. Satisfaction always guaranteed. Designs made from description.
Send for Samples and Prices.

Photo
Outfits.
Catalogue
FREE.
A Great Variety, from the very cheapest to the most expensive.
J. G. RAMSEY & CO., 87 Bay St., Toronto.

GAS FIXTURE SHOW ROOMS.
NEW AND ELEGANT DESIGNS.
Chandeliers, Brackets, Globes.

Best Assortment in the Dominion.
BENNETT & WRIGHT,
72 QUEEN STREET EAST.

JAMES PAPE,
Florist and Rose Grower,
78 YONGE STREET, near King.
Cutflowers always on hand, Bouquets, Baskets and Funeral designs made up and sent safely to any part of the country. Greenhouses, Carlaw and King St. East. Telephone 1461.

PATENTS
PROCURED in Canada, the United States and all foreign countries, Caveats, Trade-Marks, Copyrights, Assignments, and all Documents relating to Patents, prepared on the shortest notice. All information pertaining to Patents cheerfully given on application. ENGINEERS, Patent Attorneys, and Experts in all Patent Causes. Established 1867.
Donald C. Bidout & Co.,
22 King St. East, Toronto.

THE HIGH SCHOOL
Drawing Course.

Authorized by the Minister of Education.

No 5, "Industrial Design,"
IS NOW READY.

This subject, Industrial Design, is now for the first time placed in the High School Drawing Course; and this authorized book is the one upon which the examinations will be based. It is the most elaborate and beautiful book of the course, and if published separately would sell at double the price of the other numbers. It will, however, be offered to the student at the same price as the others, zects. The course is now complete:—

No. 1—Freehand.

No. 2—Practical Geometry.

No. 3—Linear Perspective.

No. 4—Object Drawing.

No. 5—Industrial Design.

These books are all uniform in size and style, and constitute a complete uniform series. The same plan is followed through them all—the Text, the Problems, and opposite the Problems, in each case, the Exercises based upon them. The illustration is upon the same page with its own matter, and with the exercise, in every case, is a space for the student's work. Each copy, therefore, is a complete Text-book on its subject, and a Drawing Book as well, the paper on which the books are printed being first-class drawing paper. The student using these books, therefore, is not obliged to purchase and take care of a drawing book also. Moreover, Nos. 1, 4 and 5 are the only books on their subjects authorized by the Department. Therefore, if the student buys the full series, he will have a uniform, and not a mixed series covering the whole subjects of the examinations, and edited by Mr. Arthur J. Reading, one of the best authorities in these subjects in this country, and recently Master in the School of Art. The approaching Examinations will be based on these authorized books. The Retail Trade may place their orders with their Toronto Wholesale Dealers.

GRIP PRINTING & PUBLISHING Co.
Publishers, Toronto.

UNION BANK OF CANADA.
CAPITAL PAID UP, \$1,200,000
RESERVE FUND, 100,000
HEAD OFFICE, QUEBEC.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
ANDREW THOMSON, Esq., President.
E. J. PRICE, Esq., Vice-President.
HON. THOS. MCGREEVY, D. C. THOMSON, Esq., E. GIROUX, Esq., E. J. HALE, Esq., SIR A. T. GALT, G.C.M.G.
E. E. WEBB, Cashier.

BRANCHES.
Alexandria, Ont.; Iroquois, Ont.; Lethbridge, N.W.T.; Montreal, Que.; Ottawa, Ont.; Quebec, Que.; Smith's Falls, Ont.; Toronto, Ont.; West Winchester, Ont.; Winnipeg, Man.

FOREIGN AGENTS.
London—The Alliance Bank (Limited). Liverpool—Bank of Liverpool (Limited). New York—National Park Bank. Boston—Lincoln National Bank. Minneapolis—First National Bank.

Collections made at all points on most favorable terms. Current rate of interest allowed on deposits.

SPAULDING & CHEESBROUGH,
DENTISTS.

171 Yonge Street, Toronto Ont. Over Imperial Bank Entrance on Queen Street.

GLEN & HUFFMAN,
Practical Plumbers.
STEAM AND HOT WATER ENGINEERS,
120 York Street, Toronto.
Telephone 1389.

"Public School Temperance."

The attention of teachers is respectfully called to this new work, designed for use in the Public Schools. It is placed on the programme of studies under the new regulations and is authorized by the Minister. It will be used in three forms. The object of the book is to impart to our youth information concerning the properties and effects of alcohol, with a view to impressing them with the danger and the needlessness of its use.

The author of the work is the celebrated Dr. Richardson, of England; and, this book, though somewhat less bulky, being printed in smaller type, contains the whole of the matter of the English edition, slightly rearranged, as to some of the chapters to suit the requirements of our Public School work. It is, however, but half the price of the English edition.

The subject is treated in a strictly scientific manner, the celebrated author, than whom there is no better authority on this subject, using the researches of a lifetime in setting forth the facts of which the book discourses. At the same time the style is exceedingly simple; the lessons are short and accompanied by appropriate questions, and the language is adapted to the comprehension of all who may be required to use the book. Price 25 cents, at all bookstores.

The Grip Printing & Publishing Co.
Publishers, Toronto.

W. H. STONE, Always Open
UNDERTAKER,
Telephone 932 | 349 Yonge St. | Opp. Elm St.

MORSE'S
Heliotrope.

The finest Toilet Soap in Canada.

AIR BRUSH.
Applies liquid color by a jet of air. Gold, silver and special medals of Franklin and American Institutes. Saves 75 per cent. of time in shading technical drawings. The crayon, ink or water color portrait artist finds his labor lessened, his pictures improved and his profits increased by using the Air Brush. Write for illustrated pamphlet. It tells how to earn a living. Air Brush Manufacturing Co., 107 Nassau Street, Rockford, Ill.

ORNAMENTAL STAINED GLASS AND PAPER
WALTER PAPEL
SUPERIOR DESIGNS
MCCOY & SONS
SOLD AT ALL PRICES
Show Rooms 72 TO 76 KING ST. W. TORONTO

W. H. LAPP & CO.
CEDAR GROVE, ONT.
Manufacturers of and Dealers in
Cider, Cider Vinegar, Etc.
Fresh Cider supplied in any quantity.

BOARDING and DAY SCHOOL
FOR JUNIOR BOYS.
137 SIMCOE STREET, TORONTO.
ESTABLISHED 1866. W. MAGILL, PRINCIPAL.

This well-known preparatory school is now open to receive pupils as heretofore. Send for prospectus. Pupils admitted at any period during the scholastic year.

McCOLL BROS. & CO'Y,
TORONTO
Still lead the Dominion in
CYLINDER OIL,
AND FOR GENERAL MACHINERY
LARDINE
— IS UNEQUALLED. —

NEW FALL GOODS
ARRIVING DAILY.

Beautiful Common Sense Walking Boots, on Opera Toe, Wide Toe and Waukenphast Lasts.

AMERICAN GOODS.
Both in Ladies' and Gentlemen's.

H. & C. BLACHFORD'S,
87 and 89 King Street East, TORONTO, Ont.

CARLTON PHARMACY,
Successor to J. M. PEAREN,
Corner Carlton and Bleeker Sts.

DISPENSING A SPECIALTY.

Complete in every department.
PROMPT AND COURTEOUS ATTENTION
Night Bell. Telephone 3118.

MINARD'S
"KING OF PAIN."
LINIMENT
ALL DRUGGISTS, AGENTS.

W. KRAMER
WOOD ENGRAVER
21 Melinda Street TORONTO

PERFECTION IN HOT * WATER * HEATING.

The Best, Most Powerful and Economic Heater ever Invented.

Has no equal for Heating Private Dwellings, Public Buildings, Banking Institutions, Green Houses and Conservatories by Hot Water Circulation.

Intending builders should examine this new heater, or send for our new illustrated treatise on Hot Water Heating, before deciding this most important feature of comfort. The Heater in its principles and combinations is fully protected by letters patent throughout the world. The public are therefore warned against infringement and imitation. Manufactured by

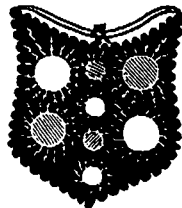
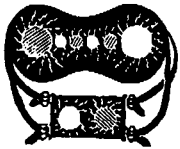
The E. & C. GURNEY CO.

TORONTO, Ont.

HAMILTON, Ont.

MONTREAL, P.Q.

WINNIPEG, Man.



A NEW LEASE OF LIFE—CURED WITHOUT MEDICINE.

All diseases are cured by our Medicated Electric Belts and Appliances. On the principle that electricity is life, our appliances are brought directly into contact with the diseased part. They act as perfect absorbents, by destroying the germs of disease and removing all impurities from the body. Diseases are successfully treated by correspondence, as our goods can be applied at home.

READ OUR HOME REFERENCES:

Henry Conway, 44 Centre Street, cured of intermittent fever in ten days; one year's standing; used Actina and Belt. Mrs. S. M. Whitehead, 578 Jarvis Street, a sufferer for years, could not be induced to part with our Electric Belt. Mr. J. Fuller, 44½ Centre Street, coughed eighteen months, cured in two treatments by Actina. J. McQuail, grain merchant, cured of rheumatism in the shoulders after all other remedies failed. Wm. Weeds, Parkdale, sciatica, and lame back, cured in fifteen days. Wm. Nelles, Thessalon, cured of lame back, pain in breast and dyspepsia, after being laid up all winter. D. K. Mason, 11 King west, cured of catarrhal stomach by Actina. Edwin Gale, Glencoe, cured of lame back in ten days; belt ordered by his physician. Mrs. C. M. Tyler, 273 Berkeley Street, cured of nervous prostration. D. K. Bell, 135 Simcoe Street, cured of one year's sleeplessness in three days by wearing Lung Shield and using Actina. L. B. McKay, Queen Street, tobacconist, cured of headache after years of suffering. Miss Annie Wray, Manning Avenue, music teacher, finds Actina invaluable. Mr. Green, Thessalon, cured of pain in the back and kidneys, said to be Bright's disease. E. Riggs, 220 Adelaide west, cured of catarrh by Actina. G. S. Pardee, 51 Beverley Street, cured of lame back after all medicines failed. Miss Della Clayton, Toronto, cured of paralysis after being in the hospital nine months. Mrs. Andrews, Thessalon, cured of rheumatism and hip disease; could not walk without a cane. John Thompson, 109 Adelaide west, cured of a tumor in the eye in two weeks by Actina. Mrs. Darwent, 268 Clinton Street, cured of a long-standing case of pain in the knee. Mrs. Halt, 342 St. Clarence Avenue, Toronto, cured of BLOOD POISON.



"Your Belt and Suspensory have cured me of impotency," writes G. A. "I would not be without your Belt and Suspensory for \$50," writes J. McG. "For general debility your Belt and Suspensory are cheap at any price," says S. M. C. These letters are on file. Mr. McClinchy, Thessalon, cured of rheumatism in back and legs; very bad case; laid up a long time. Many more such testimonials on file.

Catarrh Impossible Under the Influence of Actina.

Actina will cure all diseases of the eye. The eye treated while closed. Actina specially prepared for the throat and lungs. Send for Illustrated Book and Journal FREE. Name this paper.

Compare Our Goods in Price to Any Others.

W. T. BAER & CO.,

155 Queen Street West, Toronto.

PERCY V. GREENWOOD

Organist, All Saints' Church, Teacher of Music. Three manual organ for practice. Address 239 Sherbourne street. Telephone 1,775.

J. YOUNG, THE LEADING UNDER
TAKER, 347 Yonge Street. Tele-
phone 679.

C. V. SNELGROVE,
DENTAL SURGEON,
97 Carlton Street, - Toronto.

Porcelain Crowns, Gold Crowns and Bridge
work a specialty. Telephone No. 3031.

J. L. JONES
Mechanical & General
WOOD ENGRAVING
10 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.



Ready December 1st.

LOOK OUT FOR IT

**NORTH AMERICAN
LIFE ASSURANCE CO.**

22 to 28 King Street West, Toronto.
(Incorporated by Special Act of Dominion
Parliament.)

FULL GOVERNMENT DEPOSIT.

President, HON. A. MACKENZIE, M.P.
Ex. Prime Minister of Canada.

Vice-Presidents, HON. A. MORRIS and J. L. BLAIRIE

Agents wanted in all unrepresented districts,
Apply with references to

WILLIAM McOABE, Man. Director.